

on such occasions he behaved himself like a wise
& good English nobleman." i13p28cm34

Later, at any rate, he held ~~command~~ in the King's
~~commission~~ army; and on one of these occasions, when he was
nearly sixty, he led the men of Craven to the battle
in the campaign which ended in the battle of Flodden
Field, (1573): —

"From Remizent to Rendell Hill
From Sinton to Song Addingham,
And all that Craven coasts could ill,
Thence with the Cusby Clifford came;
All Skaincliffe hundred went with him,
With striplings strong from Wharfedale,
And all that Salton hills did climb,
With Longstreth eke, & Siltion Dale,
Whose milk-fed fellows, fleshly bred,
Well browid, with sounding bows upbent,
All such as Horton Hills had bred.
On Clifford's banner did allond." —

And if you want to know the names of the men
who went out with Lord Clifford & the weapons
they bore, these may be seen to this day in
the Dacot Hall of Bolton Abbey.

The good Lord Clifford spent much of his time
in restoring his ~~own~~ various castles, which
had been laid waste during the long civil wars of
the Roses.

In the civil wars of Charles's time, the castles
of the Cliffords were again laid waste; & thus ^(about 1650) ~~thus~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
were restored by a woman, Anne, Countess
of Pembroke, of whom we have already spoken; &
most notably Lady who looked well after her people, cared
for the poor, read & studied with all diligence, & was
a pattern to all daughters. In the great love she bore
to her son, she ^{restored} ~~restored~~ the castle in the ancient
to her father. Amongst the Cliffords in the pleasant market town of Bolton.

The courses of the Midd do not lie coped back amongst the western mountains as do those of the Aire & the Wharfe. Its spring is in Great Wharfedale, the most eastern of the mountains, in a region wild & bleak as any in Yorkshire. Many wild fens bring their 'becks' to swell its waters; & whenever a beck falls into the main stream, you come upon a farm-building, or a village or a gentlemen's house.

Not far from its source, the river disappears, or nearly so, into a cavern called the Golden Pot; & you may hear the waters rushing along underground for nearly half a mile, then it comes out again, having carved a very long narrow cavern in the mountain limestone. ~~But the Midd~~

~~But the Midd does not linger among the P. woods as long as its fair sister rivers of Belas~~

At Patey Bridge it is a broad lowland stream, with a broad, tree-shaded valley is the most curious sight of the Midd Valley. The road gradually rises until it reaches a ^{high} ^{common} moor, about 1,000 feet above the sea; & over which are scattered groups of rocks of enormous size & of every odd shape. You can divide 4. They are so close together, that there is only room for a winding footpath between them. So odd are they ^{that} ^{you cannot help} thinking of them as a great jumble - playthings

Scattered on the nursery floor of the giants, perhaps. There is the Apple, the Stag, the Lamb, the Yoke of Axes, the Pulpit, the great swelling Idol, & splendid more to which names have been given on account of their likeness to some object. The nothing-else, too, are very curious, enormous ^{masses of} rocks, that you can make rock by standing upon them & swinging yourself to & fro. And this because

large as they are, they rest upon a small ^{and} ^{very} ^{thin} ^{base}
nearly pointed as the beaver. ^{which} ^{you} ^{may} ^{find} ^{it}
stand upright on your hand of its own accord. ^{without}
Support. There are pillars, & obelisks like Cleopatra's
Needle & a Druid's Cave with little openings like
windmills, & the great Cannon Rock, where Minerva
is pierced with round holes as if cannonballs
had been shot through it.

You wonder if there are remains of these mysterious
Druids who have left their open stone temples
on more than one such high, bleak wall. But no,
in running water, frost & rain, have worn
out their uncouth shapes. The whole history
is too long to tell, but thus much we may
say here. The rock of the moor is sandstone grit,
~~is~~ consists of many thin layers lying
close upon one another, but some harder,
& some softer than the rest. Now the rain has
known how to work its way into the softer
parts of the rock: then comes a frost, the water
in the rocks freezes, & swells in freezing. Then, crack!
free the rock just as you have seen a pitcher
filled with water break in a hard frost. Simple
as this explanation sounds, it accounts for
the strange shapes of the Rinnesham Crag.

Now the sandstone grit which covered the
moor came to be broken up in the first place
is a long story, & belongs to a time when
this part of England lay, summer & winter,
under a huge ice-cap such as that which
now covers the greater part of Greenland.

Nearly three centuries ago, a discovery
was made in Widderdale which drew the world's
people in great numbers to what was then
a wild common, bare & bleak. Soon, the horn
of Parroquets sprang up. The oldest, & still the
most

most fashionable inland watering place of the north, whither people crowd every summer in search of health & pleasure. Now there are baths, & pump rooms, promenades & pleasant & public gardens, lands, & all the attractions of a watering place in the season; &, over & above, give pure air, which, probably, does the visitors as much good as the waters for which Harrogate is celebrated.

The discovery which 'made' Harrogate was that of a Spa. (see Sprawl), that is, a spring of water containing substances useful as medicine in certain complaints.

~~When you remember that many substances used as medicine are - such as sulphur, various salts, magnesia, iron - are mineral substances~~
~~that is that they are contained in the earth. The~~
 rain ^{water} as you know, penetrates far into the earth, finding its way into cracks, & seeping away the rocks as it goes. In time every underground crack & crevice becomes filled with water, & when these recesses are too full to hold any more, the water is forced out in springs.

The water of these springs has, occasionally, an exceedingly unpleasant taste; for the underground stream which at last breaks out in a spring, carries with it iron, or sulphur, or magnesia, or soda, or whatever substance it passes through. When the substances held in the water of a spring are medicinal, the spring is called a Spa. (after a watering-place in ^{Belgium} ~~Germany~~), & persons suffering from certain complaints go to such springs to drink, or to bathe in the waters.

One Sir William Sturgesley who had travelled in Germany

Germany, discovered the first Spa, 1596; from then
hundreds of medicinal springs have been found in Harrogate, all containing
more or less sulphur or iron. In no spot as
many as seventeen springs lie close together, yet
the waters of no two are quite alike.

Many of the visitors to Harrogate go there for a pleasant
summer holiday, & have no ailments to be cured by
the Spas.

On the opposite bank of the Ridd, which is here a
broad, full river, rise the ruined towers of
Threavobrough Castle which stood on a high
cliff overhanging the river & a precipice from
which you look far down on the winding Ridd
& the grey-green ash-trees which overhang the stream.

An early writer describes Knaresborough as,
 very great castle with 11 or 12 towers in the walls,
 besides "one very faire tower within". The
 very fair tower was the keep, three stories high
 not including ~~the~~ ^{the} underground dungeon. King Richard
 was confined here he was carried to Pontefract.
 And here the four knights who murdered Thomas
 à Becket are said to have kept in hiding for

^{2 years}
 The small town of Knaresborough is most prettily placed: indeed
 there is hardly a town in Yorkshire so beautiful
 for situation.

Wensleydale,

Wensleydale is the upper valley of the Wharfe & is so
 named after the pretty village of Wensley. It is
 not a bit like ^{any} of the dales we have ~~stated~~
 explored. They are narrow, picturesque, by no means
 fertile, bright, it is true with the very green grass
 which belongs to mountain fens, their trees, &
 clumps of fir wood, & groups of the cold green ash.

So lovely are they, that you think there is
 nothing more to be desired, until you get into
 Wensleydale, when you are filled with a new
 & pleasure & satisfaction.

Wensleydale is a broad open valley, as verdant
 as Surrey, where wide corn-fields flow in the corn,
 & the foliage of the trees is thick & dark, casting
 black shadows on the grass which has lost
 its ^{brightness} ~~freshness~~ a little in the warm sunlight.
 This is a valley to make the heart glad & thank-
 ful, for is not the pretty corn waving before
 your eyes?

It is hemmed in, north & south, by the massive
ending in limestone cliffs; & as you stand
on the northern edge, & look across the beautiful
valley - there they are again on the further side,
the barren moors, making the ~~corner~~ yellow corn
the laden fruit-trees all the more precious by
contrast.

The northern edge of the moor from which you look
over the valley is full of picturesque spots.

~~We need not make our way up to the head of
a shoulder of Shunner Telt - here ^{which is} ~~is a~~ such
another mountain region as we have already described.~~

~~But~~ But we ~~may~~ begin to go down the dale
from Kaves - a grey dilapidated town as ~~you~~
seen it from the station, but better looking when
you are within it. It overlooks a fine valley,
studded with trees, where are ^{many} reaches of the river.

Beautifully wooded. Here are forces, too, Collier
Tee, & Hardraw Force. We have got into the
region of Yorkshire forces, or waterfalls. In the
becks must needs get into the valley, &
how can they do so but by a leap, from the
edge of the long cliff which ~~shuts it in~~ ^{shuts it}?

You make your way through a wild dell to a
wide round scar which slopes inwards, that is,
the brow of the scar comes forward like a shed or roof
from this brow Hardraw Force invisible, some
hundred feet, shooting far beyond the scar. The
long ribbon of water is graceful & beautiful: but
the thing that delights you is, that you can walk
round the fall, get behind it, between the water
& the crag, & watch the stream descending, sheer,
without any background.

Three or four forces may be seen from Airedale,
a few miles lower down the valley. This is a fine valley
pit

Bruckwood. Above, is a long stretch of bare moorland.
 Below, a richly wooded valley; for the station itself
 is built on a fragment of the old Wincleydale
 Forest, - & never had station a more picturesque
 site. You are within control of the low mountains
 of the waters, & the river is below, now & then, a
 gleaming stretch shines out from the thick
 band of trees; & on the other side, the crook of the
 pinnacles of the church tower rise from among
 trees - beautiful verdure everywhere.
 You go down hill to the bridge & look up the
 valley: the broad river flows between high,
 wooded banks, winding this way & that, & you
 may see a dozen yards or so of smooth flowing,
 deep looking water, but not more. A boulder-
 strewn bed, bubbling fountains, rippling
 cascades, every beautiful various form
 that running water can take - this is what you see.
 Here is a wooded island. Here, shallow falls,
 where the whole breadth of the river comes sparkling
 dancing down two or three broad steps in its
 rocky bed.

Above is the High Force, a ~~thin~~ fall of some twenty
 feet, broken into two or three by the projecting
 rocks; & there is another, & another, above, &
 below the bridge, perhaps half a dozen lesser
 cascades before you reach the lower falls,
 'Aysgarth Force' proper.

It is very beautiful; a single bull chest-
 of water stretching across the whole breadth of
 the channel, & falling by five deep steps, forming
 of each a smooth, beautiful, arched shower of
 spray.